

A N
ORATION

Rhetorick vol. 4

ON THE
DEATH

O F

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

Prince of WALES,

Who departed this Life *March* 20, 1750-1,
Aged Forty-four Years.

To which is added,

A Devotionary Address to the DEITY.

By S. H. Gent.

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Kad. Hakkemach. : רַע לְעוֹלָם

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. WITHERS, in *Fleetstreet*, and sold at
all the Pamphlet Shops, 1751.

AN
ORATION

ON THE

DEATH

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK

Prince of Wales,

Who departed this life



Aged Forty

A Devotional Address to the British

By S. H. GENT

1795

The Third Edition

LONDON

Printed for J. W. ... and sold at
all the Pamphlet Shops

DEDICATION.

Britons and Countrymen,

TO you I direct my Discourse, and tho' my Abilities are not sufficient to dress it out with all the Ornaments of refin'd Speech, or the moving Softness of an eloquent Pen, yet permit my Integrity to justify my Attempt.

When Stars fall, Spectators will naturally gaze and tremble, each Eye will behold the Prospect with Sorrow, every Ear will be alarm'd at the Shock, and all humane Hearts must groan at the Evil.

The Loss this Nation has suffer'd by the Death of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, is greater than can be describ'd by a Person so little qualified for so arduous a Task as myself, therefore I must leave it for a more masterly Hand. But on such a melancholy Occasion as this, the full Heart will utter itself.

I hope the Candour of the Peruser will pardon the Mistakes he may discover in this Performance,

and as Writings of this Kind are very seldom met with in our Language, the Faults will need less Apology.

I would beg Leave to observe, that I have not exactly follow'd the Rules of *Cicero* or *Aristotle* in this Piece, apprehending it would make it too stiff and formal; for which Reason I avoided it.

Though the Diction is not so elegant as Writings of this Nature call for, nor the Numbers so exact as to bear Scanning, yet thus far I will venture to say of it, that the Language is natural and unlabour'd, and I flatter myself the Sentiments will appear just.

How far I have succeeded in this Attempt, must be left to the Determination of the Reader's Judgment, but since my Design is to celebrate the Virtues, and lament the Loss of so excellent and pious a Prince, and to make some Reflections on the awful Stroke; I hope my Intention will be approv'd of, though the Work itself should not prove so fortunate.

S. H.
London, March 25, 1751.

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O R A T I O N
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK,
Prince of *WALES.*

Quis talia fando, temperet a Lachrymis?

OH Death, thou cruel tremendous Tyrant! Shall nothing escape thy murdering Hands, till the solemn Day register'd in the dark Volume of Fate approaches; till the Towers, whose Summits reach near the Skies, tumble down with Age; and the gorgeous Palaces, the Resort of Princes, are seen no more. Can nothing less than universal Nature satiate thy craving Appetite, and must a whole World fall Victims to thy Hunger? Shall *Pompeys* expire in thy Arms, shall *Cæsars* die in thy Embrace? Shall the *Noble* and the *Vulgar* meet the same Fate, and shall *Monarchs* and *Kings* be blended with the *Beggar*?

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Must Grandeur and Pomp lie buried in the Ruins of thy desolate Kingdom, and Genius and Merit be conceal'd in thy gloomy Territories? What no Distinction made? Are Crowns and Sceptres but Trifles in thy Esteem? what then is human Glory but a transient Shadow, a deceitful Tale! Where are the Brave, the Wise and the Honourable, are they not hid in the House of Darkness! where are the Eloquent and the Learned, are they not confin'd in the Chambers of the Grave, are they not hush'd in the Regions of Silence!

Oh Life, thou delusive Bubble; each Breath of Air consumes thy Glory, and dissolves thy Pomp! Where is *Epulus* with his sumptuous Feast? Are not the Conquerors buried with their Captives? oh fatal Truth! one Moment crushes the Grandeur of Ages; and lo!

* *FREDERICK* expires like common Mortals.

Oh dismal Catastrophe, tremendous Scene! *Britannia* groans at the Stroke, and all her Sons and Daughters are dismay'd; Sorrow sits pale on every Countenance, and each Eye indicates the general Concern: Lo the whole Nation, affected with the Loss, and Grief, takes its Residence in every Breast. How then shall my Tongue express what my Heart cannot hold! where shall I stop the wild Torrent of my Soul! it flows o'er the Banks, and swells into a Flood.

Let me then in Groans mingled with Tears utter forth my Sorrow, and vent my Distress. Hear me, ye *Britons*, weep and attend!

* His Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*.

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FREDERICK your Prince has resign'd his Breath ;
 his Soul has return'd to her native Skies, and nothing
 now bears the Royal Stamp but a lifeless, inactive
 Mass of Clay : Oh Nobility, whither art thou fled !
 Though sacred the Head that wears the Crown, though
 Noble the Prince that is cloathed in Purple, yet these
 celebrated Nativities, with their more pompous Ob-
 sequies, only repeat over the great Lesson of Nature ;
 " *Cæsars* are mortal, and Princes must die as well as
 " Subjects."

Behold the Body looks ghastly and pale, and the
 Triumphs of Death appear in every Feature. Alas !
 though Nature stamps the Prince in a nobler Mould,
 yet Death with equal Facility shakes the fair System to
 Pieces ; the poisonous Tincture rolls thro' the Veins
 with equal Velocity, and spreads in every Part the Ve-
 nom of Destruction. The Fever rages in him with the
 same Violence, and flames in spite of the *Physician's*
 Skill ; thus the Consumption wastes, and the Ague
 chills, and the Heat burns the Noble as the Beggar.
 Empires and Kingdoms submit to Fate, and Crowns
 and Sceptres are the Spoils of Death.

But yet relentless Tyrant, could not thy Hand retard
 the Stroke, and so have prevented the dire Calamity ;
 shall thy invidious Scythe cut off the Joys of *Britain*,
 and blast her Hopes — for ever — Oh *Frederick*, in
 thy *Urn* are buried our fairest Expectations ! Thou
 Friend to Commerce, and Encourager of every social
 Art, by whose gracious Patronage, every Thing condu-
 cive to the publick Good, has been supported and
 maintain'd — But Oh thou art no more. — Thou Pro-
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moter of Sciences, oh thou *Philomathes*, whose Genius had trac'd through the occult Secrets of Philosophy, and studied the first Principles and Movements of Nature; thou who could'st traverse over the vast Globe in Idea, and converse with all its Nations in their several Orders and Situations; thou whose great and unbounded Soul could not be confin'd in the little Space of a Body, but made constant Excursions among the Dead, and the Living, convers'd every Day with thy Ancestors, by perusing their Volumes, and studying their Virtues! But Oh! thou art no more!

Heaven found thee fit for a nobler, more lasting, and glorious Crown, a Crown that fadeth not away; too good for Earth, too divine for Mortals, thou left the transient Scene of Grandeur, the painted Felicity, and the noisy Pomp of State. Happy Immortal, to have thy Coronation Day in Heaven, and all the Inhabitants of that triumphant Region, with one universal Plaudit, congratulating thy Arrival.

But oh! while *Frederick* is celebrating the Praises of the King of Kings, his Vicegerent in *Britain* weeps for his Son.

Whilst thou happy *Saint*, that noblest of Titles, art solacing thyself with cœlestial Prospects, thy *once* fair Princess sits drench'd in Tears, and all thy Children mourn!

Yet who shall dare presume to wish thee back!-- Heaven has taken thee to thy native Home, and advanc'd thee to a higher and more glorious Station, than Earth's greatest Kingdom or largest Empire could confer; nay, even greater than the whole Bulk of Crea-

tion

tion affords: *Britannia* sighs! Her Sons and her Daughters are afflicted! But thou glorious Prince art landed in that happy World, where Tears and Sorrows are no more; where Joy shines with a continued Brightness, and Calmness and Serenity reign for ever.

Yet tho' thou hast exchang'd this cloudy Region of Mortality, for a Land of pure unmixed Delight, where the Day shines forth with one eternal Blaze of Glory; what mortal Eye can refrain a Tear to behold thee seiz'd by the King of Terrors, and cut off from the People in the Bloom of thy Days?

Here the Pen fails, and the Heart beats high, Sorrow like a Tide breaks in upon the Soul, and drives her with the Torrent. *Frederick* the Patron of Merit — is gone — *Frederick*, the beneficent, generous, and charitable, lives no more. *Frederick*, the Good, the Learned, and the Wise, is dead; *Frederick*, the Honourable, and the Great — is immortal.

Oh *Frederick*, thou obedient Son, thou affectionate Husband, thou tender Parent, thou accomplish'd Prince, thou Lover of thy People, in thee we have lost the promising Monarch, and the Friend of Liberty!

But since Providence has thus unexpectedly remov'd thee from us, with the profoundest Resignation we submit to the Stroke, confessing the Hand that did it divine.

But oh that thy Genius may not expire with thy Breath; Oh that thy Virtues may not be buried in thy Grave; Oh may thy Son inherit the same Excellencies, and be endow'd with the most shining and exemplary Faculties! May he be possessed of every noble and
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princely Virtue, blest'd with a sound Judgment, and a discerning Mind, that so he, through the divine Providence, may hereafter govern these Realms with Justice, Mildness, and Discretion! May Heaven inspire him with the most exalted Views, and teach him the real Dignity of his eminent Character. May the Love of his Subjects, and every Thing that may tend to promote their Felicity, engage his Attention, Study, and Pursuit! Crown him ye celestial Powers with Wisdom and Understanding, qualify him for his future Station, and make him an Honour and Glory to his Country.

Teach him, thou *Great Supreme*, from the awful Scene of Death before him, the Instability of worldly Honour, the transitory Condition of mortal Pomp.

Learn, oh young Prince, from thy Father's Urn, the Lot of the Noble, Great, and Wise; lo, their Grandeur confin'd in the Dimensions of a Coffin, and their Glory enwrapt in a Shroud; For know that Monarchs are but Men, and Ashes to Ashes is the solemn Conclusion of the Emperors Fate.

From hence learn the Vanity of each mortal Scene, the gaudy Magnificence of Time, and the fleeting Condition of earthly Greatness: Not long since thy illustrious Sire was surrounded with all his Train of Admirers and Friends, honouring the Day that gave him Birth, and wishing him Prosperity for succeeding Years; but now alas! the Prospect is varied, and Death has unexpectedly hurried him off the Stage.

Oh may thy Mind be early instructed in the Lessons of Virtue and Government; consider thou art Candidate for a Throne, and Heir to the Crown of *Britain;*

tain; and in order to rule thy People well, there is much required of thee.

By no Means neglect to acquaint thyself with him who is King of Kings, the Lord and Governor of universal Nature; *by him Monarchs reign, and Princes decree Justice.* Remember that he only is the supreme Potentate and Ruler of the World, he deposeth the Prince and exalteth the Beggar, he bindeth the Nobles in Chains, he alone establishes the Throne of the King: At his Nod the whole Earth trembles, and the wide Circuit of Creation shakes; by the Breath of his Mouth a whole Army falls, and the Storms of his Vengeance drive a Fleet to Destruction: Trust not therefore in Greatness, for thy Strength is Weakness to the Almighty, and thy Power as nothing before him; place then thy Confidence in God the Omnipotent, whose Voice the Winds and Waves obey, in whose Hands Monarchs are as Dust, and the Mighty impotent: Learn thou, oh Prince, to imitate the Patron of thy deceased Father, and walk in the *Path* that leadeth to Glory, and Honour, and Immortality.

Let the Merit of thy Actions immortalize thy Fame, nor let the Marble or the Brass be the only surviving Monuments of thy Worth.

Early acquaint thyself with the Genius and Constitution of these Kingdoms, that if Providence hereafter should place thee on the Throne, thou mayest be able to wield the Sword of Justice with Discretion, and diffuse thy Goodness amongst the Sons of Liberty and Merit. Let not Flattery swell up thy Soul, nor her Courtiers persuade thee to Schemes pernicious and destructive::

structive : Let thy great Study be the public Advantage, nor esteem any Labour too great to purchase the Love of thy Subjects, and to awe if not win the Hearts of thy Enemies.

By this Means thy Memory shall survive the Ruins of the Tomb ; nay even the Dissolution of all Things ; when the great Archangel shall blow his Trumpet, and the airy Region shall shake with the Sound, when the hoarse Thunders shall utter their Voices, and the horrid Lightnings disperse around their Flashes, when with a huge Explosion, Rocks tumble down Headlong, and the dread Fires spread all o'er the System, while the ancient Basis of Nature falls, and all her Works perish in the Flames : Yet thou happy Prince shall outlive these Ruins, and be *sainted* in the Skies.

Once more turn thine Eyes on the solemn Spectacle, and consider the Lot will shortly be thine. Here ends thy Glory, here thy Pomp ceases : The *Peasant* without Trepidation, walks over the *Asi* of the *Monarch*, and tramples the once tremendous Potentate beneath his Feet. Yet oh remember this lifeless Body shall one Day be raised, when reunited with its now departed Spirit, it shall be summon'd to Judgment.

Awful tremendous Day ! when the whole Universe shall be assembled together, and the vast Concourse of the intelligent Creation, shall appear to receive the Retribution of their Works : When the great Ballances of eternal Equity shall decide the Lot of Mortals, and fix their irreverfible Fate *for ever*.

In this great Affize all Distinctions cease, no Honours are paid to Earth's highest Monarchs, and *Cæsars* and
Pompeys

Pompeys stand unnotic'd : Nothing but Nobility of Soul will in this Day be regarded, none but the Upright meet with Approbation. And at this solemn Tribunal, thou and thy Ancestors shall be arraign'd, stript of your Honours, when weigh'd in Heaven's Scales, may you not be found wanting.

But oh that the great and adorable Judge of Nature, may find you guiltless, and receive you into his everlasting Kingdom ; that so you may share the Lot of the Blessed in that happy Day, when Ages and Years shall arrive at their full Period, and Time roll round his Orb no more ; when Stars and Suns shall lose their Lustre, and Eternity be all in all.

Thus may you live the Glory of *Britain*, thus may you die the Favourite of the Skies ; participating the Fullness of perfect Beatitude in the World of pure Immortals !

And now, oh Mortals, be ye also instructed ; this Instance speaks in the full Pomp of Terror, and at once shows you the Tragedy of Greatness !

Hither ye Fair, who have often visited these Royal Apartments, the Lord and Master has quitted the magnificent Tenement, and in awful Silence retir'd from all this earthly Splendor to the cold and silent Regions of Mortality : His Grandeur could not delay the Stroke of Death, but the wing'd Arrow with unseen Swiftneſs darted through his Heart, while the pale Hue spread o'er the Limbs, and the immortal Part soar'd to the Skies.

Thus shall the Time, oh ye gay Race approach, when your painted Glories shall all be stript off, and

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your proud Ambition laid in the Ashes, when your beauteous Features shall be a Prey for Worms, and rot in the Dust.

Hither ye Flatterers, where are your Projects! Why so dejected, speak out the Cause? Are your Schemes frustrate, all in vain your Cunning! What, are your Castles fallen to the Ground! Learn then your Folly by this your Disappointment, and remember *Earth* has no *Durables*; all's Phantom and Shadow in this *sublunary* World, Time cuts down the tallest Cedars, and Death sweeps them off the Stage with the Besom of Destruction.

Finally ye *Britons*, from hence be excited to study the real Value of human Life, that flying Vapour, that visionary Shadow! Lo now before your Eyes the best of Men, the greatest of Princes, if the dead Carcase may still claim the Title! View his Eyes are clos'd in Death, and each Part bears the Stamp of the Tyrant.

Shortly the same Fate will be ours, a mortal Pale-ness will invade the Countenance, a chilling Damp spread through the whole Frame of Nature, while the Tyrant with a sure Aim discharges his Fury, and breaks down the Fort of Life.

Let us therefore consider, that the important Lesson we should all learn from *this*, and every other awful Dispensation of the divine Providence, is *timely to prepare for our latter End*; and then whatever Occurrences may happen in this varying and changing State of Things, whatever Revolutions may fall out, or Distractions take place in Nature, we may still rest easy, composed, and serene, having a more durable Mansion in the World of Spirits.

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In short, we may bid Defiance to all the Storms of this tempestuous Region, being persuaded we shall certainly and safely arrive at the desired Harbour of eternal Quietude and Repose. And tho' this brittle Tenement of Clay will dissolve and mingle with the Dust of departed Nations, yet the Soul shall be favour'd with an immediate Transition to the Seats of Glory.

And when that solemn Day arrives, when the Alarm shall be sounded forth, "Arise ye Dead, awake, and come to Judgment," when the Regal Monuments and the Marble Tombs shall release their Captives, when the great Groan of dissolving Nature shall be heard, and the spacious Theatre of the Universe perish, when the deep Ocean throws up her Charge, and the infernal Caverns send forth their Legions to the dread Assize. When the great Judge himself, riding on the Clouds of Heaven, shall descend in all his magnificent yet gloomy Pomp, accompany'd with Myriads of his celestial Attendants, Saints and Angels; when the vast Volumes of Fate shall be open'd, and the Indictments read, while Terror and Distraction seize on the guilty Throng, and the Skies burst with the united Shrieks of despairing Worlds, it shall only be to us as the happy Prelude and joyful Signal, that the glorious immortal Morn is now arriv'd, in which our Souls shall reassume their respective Bodies, our Persons be highly honour'd in the Presence of the whole human and angelic Race, and made finally and everlastingly blessed in the Regions of immolested Felicity.

In those we may find Distance to all the shores of
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DEVOTIONARY ADDRESS

TO THE

DEITY.

OH thou great Arbiter and Disposer of all Things, thou Parent of universal Nature, the supreme Lord and Governor of the World; thou whose all-seeing Eye pervades the most distant Regions of the Earth, whose Presence filleth the Heavens with its Glory, and illuminates the various Parts of the habitable Globe. Thou whose discerning Wisdom governs the lower and the higher Worlds, over-ruling every Thing for the Honour of thy Perfections, and the Felicity of thy intelligent Creation. Thou whose Almighty *Fiat* first spoke us into Existence, and whose gracious Providence has continued to watch over us in this probationary State of Trial and Affliction; Thou alone art the Object of our Adoration and Praise.

To thee therefore, as the Almighty Father of our Spirits, we bend the Knee, and with the profoundest Veneration prostrate ourselves before Thee, saying: "O thou great and tremendous Majesty, the high and lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, who sitteth on the

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Circle of the Earth, and rideth in thy Excellency on the Sky, incline thine Ear to the Petitions of us thy Servants, who live in this lower Region of Mortality and Death; yet let not the Distance of our Situation obstruct our Prayers, from coming up as a Memorial before thee; with the utmost Gratitude we acknowledge the various Blessings we have received from thine unmerited Beneficence, whose tender Mercies are over all the Works of thine Hands; we bless thee for our Creation and Preservation, but above all, for the Hopes of everlasting Glory thro' the Sacrifice of thy Son, and our adorable Saviour *Jesus Christ*.

We bless thee for all the Privileges we enjoy, whether of a national or personal Kind; for our Situation in a Land of Liberty, where Persecution is afraid to lift up its Head and display its Terrors, and where serious Piety and unsuperstitious Devotion are maintain'd and establish'd by the Laws of the Constitution.

We bless thee for all that Happiness and Tranquillity we enjoy, under the present mild and auspicious Government of his sacred Majesty King *George the Second*; that all our Liberties whether of a civil or religious Nature, are preserv'd in their full Force and regular Order; we adore thee for the Cessation of a destructive War, and for that Peace and Commerce which prevails and flourishes among the numerous Inhabitants of this Kingdom: We are indeed, O Lord, a People who have been visited with repeated Instances of thy Bounty, and shar'd liberally of thy all-diffusive Goodness, but we have provok'd thee by surfeiting on thy undeserved Favours, and despising the frequent Omens
of

of thy Indignation ; the Thunder of thy Voice has utter'd itself from the Bowels of the Earth, and threat'ned instant Perdition to this sinful *Metropolis* ; struck with Amaze at the unusual Sound, at first we trembled and were sore afraid, conscious of our Crimes we attempted to fly from the Presence of thy Spirit, and when thy gracious Hand removed the Judgment, unthinking of thy Goodness, we return'd to our former Course of Vice and Folly ; deaf to thy Admonitions, and heedless of the loud Rebuke of thy Providence : Conscious of our Iniquity we implore thy Forgiveness, and beseech that thy Long-suffering towards us, may awaken our Minds to a serious Consideration, and lead us to an unfeigned and sincere Repentance. And grant, O most merciful Father, that we may make a proper and wise Improvement of all thy Dispensations towards us in this State of Vicissitudes, Revolutions, and Changes, more especially in that awful Stroke of thy Hand, which has removed from us his Royal Highness *Frederick Prince of Wales*, for whom *Britannia* mourns in Tears.

But as thou the universal Monarch of the World, at whose Disposal are the Lives of the Kings, and Princes, and Nobles of the Earth, art best acquainted with what is most advantageous for each Part and Region in thy Universe, we submit ourselves to the Guidance and Government of thy unerring Wisdom, acknowledging thee just and good in all thy Dispensations, whether seemingly prosperous or adverse.

And since thou hast been pleased to visit us with this solemn Providence, we most humbly beseech thee to sanctify

sanctify the Affliction not only to the Nation in general, but to the Royal and illustrious Family, whom it more immediately concerns, and grant that it may be productive of the most valuable Effects to every Individual. May it instruct our gracious Sovereign more in that great and arduous Lesson of depending upon Thee, the tremendous Ruler and Disposer of all Things; who shaketh the Thrones of the Mighty, and casteth off the Crowns of the Gods of the Earth: Lead him to a more intimate Knowledge of thy Greatness and Supremacy, who exalteth and maketh humble at thy Pleasure: Teach him the fluctuating and perishing Condition of all sublunary Grandeur, and inspire him with the noblest Sentiments and Ideas of thy Goodness and Perfections: Grant him a long Life, a happy and a peaceful Reign; may he be prosperous in all his Undertakings, and be crowned with Glory and Honour in the present Life, and a blessed Immortality in that which is to come: And when that solemn and important Change of Death approaches, when this Mortal shall put on Immortality, oh may the divine Supports of thy Presence, comfort him amidst all the Gloom of that awful Scene, and make his Transition easy: And though he must leave all the Pomp and Grandeur of this perishing World behind, oh grant him a glorious Entrance into the Regions of unfading Joy, where he shall participate the ravishing Delights of Angels and just Men made perfect.

But grant, oh most merciful Father, that before he takes his Farewel of this mortal Life, he may have the

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Happiness to see the Successor to his Throne educated in all the Principles of Virtue, Liberty, and Government, that so he may reign and rule over these Nations in thy Fear and with thy Approbation; endow him with all Wisdom, and make him as an Angel of Light; teach him to make a right Improvement of thy Providences, and may he learn from this Dispensation, that thou rulest in the Armies of Heaven, and amongst the Inhabitants thereof according to thy Pleasure; for in thy Hands are the Lives of all thy Creatures.

Inspire him with Fortitude, Mildness, and Discretion; in all his Ways may he acknowledge Thee, and do thou direct his Steps in that Path which shineth more and more until the perfect Day. Grant him a long Life in this World, and an eternal one in the next, where he shall receive a Crown glorious, unfading and immortal. Finally, O Lord, we beseech thee to bless all the Branches of the Royal Family, and as thou hast made them remarkably great, may they be equally eminent for Goodness and Mercy; and permit them not by any Actions unworthy of their venerable and dignified Characters, to encourage the Slander of the malicious and disaffected. Support them under this awful Dispensation of thy Providence, and prepare them for the Mansions of everlasting Blessedness: And grant, O God, that this Nation may never be destitute of a Prince of that illustrious House to hold the Scepter and wear the Crown of *Great Britain*, while Sun and Stars and Moon endure.

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And.

And grant, O God, that Religion, Virtue, Truth, and Benevolence may adorn this happy Isle, that Commerce may flourish, Liberty and Justice be openly maintain'd, that so *Britannia* may become the favourite Nation of Thee the most High, and the Praise and the Glory of the universal World.

Hands are the Lives of all the Creatures.
Inhabitants thereof according to thy Pleasure; for in thy
thou rulest in the Armies of Heaven, and amongst the
beasts, and may be seen from the Institution, that

and more until the perfect Day. Grant him a long life
 F I N I S.

Branches of the Royal Family, and as thou hast made
Finally, O Lord, we beseech thee to bless all the
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in this World, and an eternal one in the next, where he

A decorative floral ornament featuring a central circular medallion with a stylized flower, surrounded by symmetrical, swirling leaf and vine patterns. The design is intricate and typical of 19th-century bookbinding.

that this Father, who has made
millions of creatures, should
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of a Prince of the world.

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